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AUGUST, 1897.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 8.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

FOR WILLING HANDS.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

SO long as there are children and youth, there evidently will be no lack of work for willing hands and Christian hearts. If love is to be the redeeming advocate that shall save souls from the many low estates, it must work where it can become effectually recognized.

The testimony of Jesus, the Christ, as we understand it, is the embodiment of all the gifts and graces which should adorn the mind. The injunction which was given to the disciples to "go forth into all the earth and preach the gospel to every creature" has a significance as full and as broad as the command itself.

Everything must come within the boundaries of the mind; and be readily comprehended or it fails to produce the desired results. The words must be easily understood, or a mysticism will soon ruin their force. As all undeveloped faculties are characteristic of childhood, a man's age is determined by this fact, rather than by the number of years he has past upon the earth.

If he is to be led on to a higher life, it must be through the culture of all the faculties in their respective orders. Good manners must come first as a necessary preparation for the more advanced moral education which at its best serves only as a teacher to bring the life to Christ. The sensualist must repent,—change his mind and walk circumspectly before he can be able to walk with God. The self-conceited must learn to love his neighbor as himself or he would be inclined to pray,—My Father who art in heaven, instead of—Our Father, as was taught by Jesus. The beauties of neatness

must be preach to those who are predisposed to slovenly habits as a part of the foundation on which to build the more exalted work of Jesus the Christ.

To be chaste and to be pure seem like a pleasant association, opening to us a harmony that can not be obtained by a neglect of either. If the highway to the Kingdom of Heaven begins at the lowest strata of human minds, and every one who turns his face and directs his steps toward the Holy City becomes a fellow-pilgrim, then we can see why some are drawn to benevolence, others to order or prudence and those more advanced in the regenerating life of the Christ to a baptism of the Holy Spirit and of fire.

Jesus in one of his remarks has said;—"It is not given to all men to receive these sayings," Perhaps he thought they had better be educated first in good manners, in civility or in the elementary work of the Mosaic Law.

We well remember a visit we once made to a Theological Institute by invitation of a young friend who was preparing for the Ministry. After he had given us an introduction to the Bishop and to several of his fellow-students, we past on from room to room till we reaccht his own private apartments. Here we rested for conversation. It was his home and the place where he retired for communion with the spirit of his God. Here he was silently being molded by the influences and conditions that were with and around him. At some future day, after his Greek and Latin and Hebrew were committed to memory, he would go out into the world to repeat them to other minds, and with them he would give all the chaotic and undisciplined forms of life in which he had lived.

We wondered! Everything was in confusion. A regard for order or even for rules of propriety were entirely ignored. His apology for a bed occupied one corner of the room, while his wardrobe, more privileged than his bed, was only limited by the four walls of the apartment. The legitimate use of the broom or brush, if they were there at all, had been sadly neglected.

We could but feel sorry for the young man as well as for those to whom he was to be an apostle. He was now spending his months and years learning to repeat a form of prayers and to become skilled in certain ceremonies of the church and also in developing himself into a stumbling-block as a Christian, by the cultivation of these slovenly habits.

Side by side these conditions are to pass with this student through all the walks of life. Attaching themselves with the same tenacity to the mind, they are reflected alike upon every company, whether at his home or in the church among those who have come for divine worship, which should be in the beauty of holiness. The spirituality that could rest satisfied in the ministrations of such an element must, indeed be very crude.

When we speak of the gospel of Jesus, the love of God to lost souls,—that to be made partakers of its divine beauty, we must bear his cross; then there are but few who realize the depth of its spiritual meaning. We say that sin must be washt away; but what is sin? There may be a list of trespasses

which the disciple is expected to guard against, for Paul has said that a transgression of the Law is sin, and as the disciple of Jesus we sin and come short of the glory of God if we fail to repent,—to change our lives, to become new creatures by which every habit and practice may be brought under gospel inspection.

We must live soberly, righteously and godly. The gossiping busy body and mischief-maker must give place to the loving peacemaker, indolence to industry, and slatternly conditions of the mind to neatness. These are the elementary lessons of the seeker after righteousness, as preparatory to the entering upon that more exalted state of spirituality;—purity of heart. Like all the developments of life, righteousness is seen in every phase, from the first germ to that of the Angel sphere.

It is sometimes difficult to reconcile our minds to the many incongruities that present themselves under the guise of redeeming influences while the mind is callous to the refining process which it is said shall work like the refiner's fire and like fuller's soap.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE FUNERAL OF ELDRESS LOIS WENTWORTH.

By Cecelia De Vere.

WE all have experiences at times that we know are not exclusively our own, and we long to communicate them to kindred souls. In the departure from this life of beloved Eldress Lois we met a loss,—we feel a sorrow that should be shared by the Household of Faith for she loved all Zion. Firm, true and hopeful was her spirit, broad was her mind and warm her affectionate parental heart. We loved her as a mother in Israel. We saw her enduring and faithful in the duties of her cherished home and there we honored her, not only as a mother but as a Queen, crowned by angels and commissioned to administer the virgin laws of their holy life.

By her wise tenderness she gathered and held twelve young girls,—they were her treasure. She labored to implant in them the principles she had tested and the virtues that were her own. If the good Brethren and Sisters in all our consecrated homes could have seen that stricken band they would pray for those young people that they may still prove loyal to her and make her glad by their confiding obedience to her beloved successors, the sincere and worthy souls who are now appointed to be the visible guides.

It was a solemn assembly on the day of the burial. The ever helpful Ministry were present, going about as comforting angels to the bereaved little family. The memorial services were feelingly opened by Elder Louis Basting and the Ministry's words of appreciation for Eldress Lois covered her life from childhood to the close of her seventy-five years that kept her still bright and active.

Her unreserved devotion to the welfare of others and her living spirit that went forth to humanity, making her an Elder indeed, were most lovingly spoken of and the tributes that followed their testimonies resembled the jewels in the Breast-plate of old, beautiful and of great value. The tides of sympathy that swelled even from the hearts of the silent were like the waters of life. Although the day was dark, and cold gusts of wind brought rain, into that house of sorrow came a spiritual light and warmth that shed consolation.

Trusting the dear ones to immortal guardians we left Hancock in the spirit of prayer.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Correspondence.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H. JUNE 8, 1897.

MY DEAR ELDER HENRY;—Your remembrance of me in your letter to our dear Eldress pleased me more than I can tell you. Indeed, I had been intending to write you these three days past to tell you how much good I received from my interviews with you while you were here. Your interest in me is one of my most precious thoughts. I trust I may prove worthy of it.

As I feel at present I can only keep thanking the good Father over and over again for all his goodness to me. What a happiness to feel one self among living souls that belong to that one true church which Jesus founded when he preached his ever memorable sermon on the Mount! I wish, dear Elder Henry, I could in some way make you understand my happiness.

As the days pass, and the world and its frivolities recede to a dim remoteness, I feel that God is drawing nearer and nearer to my own heart. Believe me when I tell you I would rather fill the humblest place in the Society of Believers than to occupy the most influential pulpit in the land. Pity fills my soul when I think of those whom I have left, and who can not see as I see. I wish they could all come into my happiness. Poor blind souls! drifted about on the restless current of a world's applause, their pursuit after worldly pleasure is like a hunt after weeds and carrion. How often in their own lives they catch glimpses of their folly, but the flesh preventing them from deeper search, they struggle on without once experiencing the unspeakable happiness of seeing God.

Ministers of the gospel may preach until the end of time the possibility of seeing God but not a single soul that listens to that preaching will ever enjoy the beatitude until sensuality is completely overcome. When ministers preach this doctrine, how little they themselves know of what is truly meant by seeing God! How unwilling to pay the price of seeing Him! Of course we all know that when we speak of seeing God we are using a figure of speech.

But there are various ways of looking at the figure. I believe that in the mind of Jesus, "seeing God" meant nothing more than the complete victory over the lower nature, a constant and daily growth of the spirit into a fuller sense of the divine, which will enable us to rise out of the body, and soar away above the lusts of the world finding no object worthy our capacities until we rest in God's own heart. Then comes the peace that can not be defined, which we would not change for all the wealth of the kingdoms of the earth combined.

In accepting this view of the figure it is plain that our vision of God depends entirely upon ourselves. As we are, so is the God we see. Each time we violate the divine command, or willfully close our eyes to the light, we shift our point of vision of God. We know how differently sensible objects appear according to the manner in which they are viewed. The sun appears to be one thing when we view it with the naked eye, but a very different thing when we view it through the lens of a powerful telescope. So it seems to me it is with God. He is one sort of being to the soul that views Him from the sunny height of a pure heart, but a far different sort of being to the soul that views Him from the low, dark vale of sensual appetite and gratification. Is it not strange that intelligent, professing Christians, do not see this grand truth which is as plain as the noon-day sun? If they did see it, instead of regarding our precious faith as the height of folly, and we ourselves as fanatics, they would see in our *faith* the ripest wisdom, and in ourselves true followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene.

I think that the Master saw into the future when He said, "Fear not little flock. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer I have overcome the world." He well knew his true followers would be a small minority. He knew how hard it would be for the natural man to discern the things of the Spirit. But tho we are a little body, misunderstood, often despised and calumniated, who of us would change *that* happiness we feel within, that divine guest our hearts entertain, for all the wealth and power our despisers may possess. We have a feeling towards them of pity,—a feeling voiced on the Cross of Calvary, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Pardon me if I seem too profuse, but dear Elder Henry my heart is so full of joy that I feel I could ascend the house-tops and preach the glad tidings to all the world. I would that all men might see that there is something, yea, the greatest happiness obtainable in the "despised little Nazareth." Oh how I wish I had entered this blessed Society before any sin of the world ever stained my soul! During the years I spent in the ministry my position was that of poor blind Bartimeus by the wayside, crying, "Lord open my eyes that I may see!" I am firm in the belief that my petition has been heard. My being here is sufficient proof of that.

We had a very helpful service last Sabbath morning. I must confess a

feeling of regret stole over me each time I lookt at your vacant place. But we must not be selfish. You are doing the Master's work where you are. We know you will come back to us. What a glorious meeting that was we had when the good Sisters from Enfield were here! It took my thoughts back to the first gathering in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, and the Pentecostal descent of the Holy Spirit. May we enjoy such meetings in the future.

I long to make myself useful. I want to learn everything. It will require time and patience; but it will all come. Hoping, dear Elder Henry, that you will be able to return to us soon, I remain, with much love,

Yours in the Faith,

THOMAS A. DWYER.

*Selection from a Tribute read at the Funeral Services
of Sister ANNA DODSON.*

By Amelia J. Calver.

"A morning glory o'er a ruin
The blue sky seems to-day."

AS such is the clear sunshine, the cloudless sky, of this beautiful June day, in contrast to the leaden clouds which have settled over our hearts and our home. A life, a love, an ornament is taken from our midst which nothing can replace.

Other friends are kind are good and true, but it is not justice to the loving nor to the loved, to feel that their place can be supplied, that the ranks can be closed up, and we miss them not.

Each dear and loving friend, true as the needle to the Pole, rears in our hearts a shrine to which we bring the best offerings of our lives; offerings which to each is meet; and which is sacred to each.

Then when a dear one passes "within the veil," can we set that shrine aside, and place another in its stead? Would it be justice to the living to feel that "to be absent is to be forgotten?" Is it conducive to the growth of a tireless pure affection, to know that it is transient and ends with time? Ah nay! A thousand times Nay!

But how can we speak of the loved one whose sacred memory we are vainly endeavoring to honor. Vocal sounds seem but a mockery, when feeling is too deep to even be mirrored on the surface.

From our earliest childhood dear Sister Anna, has been so woven into the web and woof of our lives, that it seems there almost needs come a flaw in the pattern, when such needed such strong material is taken out. Only in loving memory to the good she has done, we must like the tapestry weavers of the far famed East, keep our eyes on the pattern above us, and following that, toil on e'en tho the web is reverst, knowing that when the material is completed, the true pattern will be represented.

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We who were under her kindly instructions when a teacher, who were blest with her spiritual guidance in youth, know how much we owe the solid principle for which we have workt, to both her precept and example; and the deference, love and honor we have ever accorded her, proves the truth of the poet;

"Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth
And never fail of their allegiance there."

When in our riper years her burdens fell on those she had instructed, she did not leave her places of trust as vacancies to be filled, but as a sturdy oak, she maintained her superior talent, on which we as vines could cling; and all through the long years of change, it has ever been thus; so that those who are now bearing the burdens in the heat of the day, have found that in every emergency, in every want and need of life, we could turn to her for strength, for advice, for sympathy and were ever sure of parental love and care.

"Those there are
Whose hearts have a whole look southward
And are open to the whole noon of Nature."

Such we found our loved sister. To the young her sunshine was a magnet; to mature life a strength, and to the aged a healing warmth. To the erring she was charity and courage, which virtue alone would ever hold her memory dear; for only those whose hearts can sympathize with the weaknesses of frail humanity are worthy to bear the name of our worthy Exemplar whose words were "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

One markt characteristic of her noble nature was her inability to take offence. She allowed no imaginary trials nor burdens to mar her peace, nor to take the sunshine from the lives of those about her.

But it is needless to say more. She has written her character, builded her monument, in our home and in our hearts; and dear Sister Anna will live ever with us, her virtues growing more resplendent, as time bears us on, and tho we may feel that such love as we bear to her is "like seeds taken from the Tropics, and planted where the winter comes too soon," we will think of her as "Not lost, but gone before."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Obituary Eulogy for Sister ANNA DODSON.

By Elder Calvin G. Reed.

STEADILY the sands are falling in life's Time Glass, one by one;
And the moments gliding swiftly o'er Life's Dial, soon are run.
Thus the millions start the journey, thus the millions end the race
And by other millions followed, supersede and fill their place.

One by one our friends are passing to that silent, unseen shore,
 And again to us returning, after exit, nevermore.
 Nevermore shall we behold them while we tread this dusty ball;
 We must wait for this reunion till we meet Death's solemn call.
 Thus the ties that now confine us to this busy, earthly sphere,
 Weaker and more weak are growing as we fill each passing year.
 When we feel the cords, so tender, by a sweet communion spun
 Must be severed for the present, and the new one just begun
 Can continue but a season, and unfinisht, we must part,
 Solemn are the contemplations clustering round the thoughtful heart.
 What is life, and all our knowledge, but the drama of a day!
 Soon their measured, joys and sorrows, forming but a curt relay.
 Here we ride the swelling billows, of their ruthless foam, the sport,
 Aiming still to guide our vessels, safely to their destined port.
 Winds, and storms, and tempests, ended; conflicts over; labors done;
 All our yearnings; anguish; turnings; bring us to life's rising sun,
 Where we view in unveiled lustre, the eternal realms of Light
 And upon its shores we enter to regale our newborn sight.
 Mortals paint in magic beauty, glories of the world to come,
 All so purely beatific, and entrancing is that home,
 That it fills weak minds with longings to repair there ere their time;
 Making this a veil of sorrows, shorn of every grace sublime
 That would yield the fruits of courage and the weary heart solace,
 Prompting unto noble action which ensures abiding peace.
 But when earthly years are garnered with perfected righteous toil,
 And the lamp of wisdom burneth brightly well supplied with precious oil;
 When the days are fully numbered in the calendar of life;
 When assured we've won the victory in the noble glorious strife
 And have kept the Faith unsullied and with honor closed the race;
 And surveying our sojournings, find no traces of disgrace,
 Then it is we part the curtain; enter into open day,
 And receive the righteous sentence to our souls most joyfully.
 So we view our noble Sister, as she breathes her kind farewell
 To her Brethren, Sisters, kindred, in the Summer Land to dwell.
 She has been a faithful toiler, guarding well her Savior's fold;
 Caring tenderly, parentally, for her people young and old.
 Patient, merciful, forgiving, in charity abounding, kind;
 Self-denying, peaceful, solace giving to the burdened mind.
 Precepts lead! Examples draw! This sterling maxim gray with age,
 Embodies in its excellence, the wisdom of the sage.
 Our Sister's bright example is an evidence of this
 A Christian exposition, made by works of righteousness.
 Her mandate was not, Go! and without me, perform the task,
 But, I will take the burden. Come, follow! This only will I ask.
 And thus she filled life's measure, and rounded her three score and ten,
 And that she has been faithful, unitedly we say, Amen.

THE ANGELS JUST OVER THE WAY.

A kind, gentle whisper came wafted along,
 An impress it made on my feelings so strong,
 I listened, assured, the sweet accents belong

To Angels just over the way.

The longer I listened, the more I felt sure
The melodious breathings, so holy and pure,
Were only the pulsings of those who secure
A birthright with Angels to stay.

As I pensively mused, in a querying mood,
Whence came this effusion, so cheering and good,
Spreading o'er and around me like aerial flood,

All pure and entrancing to me?
The whisper replied, as tho from the sphere,
Where nothing but goodness could ever appear,
'Tis the bond of true friendship, untarnisht, sincere,
Of Angels just over the way.

Can it be? I again askt the ministering Guest,
That earth ever garnered a treasure so blest,
So lofty, so noble, so fully possest

Of sacred felicity, boundless and pure?
Once more the sweet spirit replied: It is true.
This good is the solace that Time brings to view
And this tow'ring upward, will ever be new,
Eternally, heavenly, socially sure.

The joys and the pleasures which true hearts possess,
The sweet consolation which naught can repress,
Will brighten in lustre as Godward they press,
With Angels just over the way.

And there the strong bond of true friendship will be
Unfailing and cheering thro Eternity,
And unsullied union and felicity

Will make all such Angels forever to stay.

Thus our Sister has woven her garments divine,
By virtuous actions with beauty they shine,
Her life work of goodness has made her sublime,
An Angel of eternal day.

Her robe and her crown are spotless and white,
Her spirit refined with Christianity's light
Has made her credentials a compromised right,
With Angels of glory to stay.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. GLADSTONE is credited with the following remarks; "Talk about the questions of the day; there is but one question and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the Cabinet, I was brought into association with sixty master minds, all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with the divine revelation."—*Exchange*.

THE MANIFESTO.

AUGUST, 1897.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to

HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

June.

Thermometer.	Rain.
1896. 63.93	4 in.
1897. 61.66	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Highest Temp. during this mo. 86. above 0.	
Lowest " " "	38 " "
Number of rainy days " "	20
" clear " "	12
" cloudy " "	8

July, 1897.

THE scythe of Time, or of Eternity, at present, appears to have a very keen edge, and its wielder is engaged in making thinner our already depleted ranks with a ruthless hand. One by one the ripened sheaves are garnered in the Lord's illimitable store-house. We now have to add to the long list of garnered the name of our

worthy sainted Sister, Anna Dodson. She doffed the mortal and donned the immortal, and spread her angelic wings and soared to the Celestial Sphere to join the ranks of those who dwell in the City of the Living God, which has no need of the sun to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it. The funeral was held on the 27th ult.

Descending from the celestial to the terrestrial, I will simply state: We are celebrating the Independence of the United States of America on this Fourth of July, by opening Public Meeting in our Church edifice. We shall hold Public Service so long as the weather will permit. The opening meeting was a success.

The hay harvest now occupies our time and strength. It has been cool and wet enough to render the grass crop heavy and splendid. We are thankful for this blessing. Crops, generally, are luxuriant especially the potato beetle and apple tree worm; but a dose of paris green and hellebore puts them to rest.

In the spring of 1896 we set a sixth of an acre to strawberry vines; this year on June 19th we began picking; between that date and July 3rd we have gathered 26 bushels. We gathered at one picking seven and one half bushels. A large number of the berries measured five and one half inches in circumference.

It has been too cold for asparagus to do its best; but bad as it has been we have taken 89 bushels from the bed.

Our milk is so flush, and the apparatus for preserving it is becoming so dilapidated we are under the necessity of setting up a separator to take the cream from the milk.

The Ministry at present are with us; but as they, of necessity, are migratory Officials, their tarry with us is very precarious.

It is a time of general health in the Community. Eldress Ann Taylor is not long for this world unless all signs fail. She is so as to be about, leaning on her staff for very age.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

July, 1897.

THE sunny months of May and June have past away all quite too soon. On a sunny Sunday afternoon of May last, we paused in our occupation to listen to the music in the air, it was like the voice of many waters, as the voice of harpers harping with their harps, and we lookt and lo ! a company from the North and from the Church and from the neighboring family, were singing, and they sang an old song which we all well knew as they approacht our home on the hill, meeting in pleasing communion with we southerners, the familly hall resounded with vocal and instrumental music interspersed with compliments and greetings of all concerned. Thus happily an hour past when the stern er duties of life called us back to our respective posts.

Among the transfers of the good and just to spirit life we record the departure of our dearest friend and mother Sister Lydia Dole whose beautiful life well filled with grand and noble deeds will ever remain as a guiding light inspiring us on to more loyalty in the service of God's kingdom. Her going from our vision is not death but renewed life, it is but "an event in a continuous existence."

June was made decidedly agreeable by the coming of two of our Sônyea Sisters, Elizabeth Sidell and Eleanor DeGraw who spent a brief time visiting friends in this Community. We hope when they come again they will forget to remember their return trip and extend their tarry beyond the limits of a few days.

July with its torrent of burning sun has come to stay till it goes. We are having a quiet celebration of Independence day by trying to keep cool.

Genevieve DeGraw.

North Family.

July, 1897.

HEAT is intense. An abundant cherry harvest gives more than abundant employment to Brethren and Sisters; other fruit will soon demand attention. All kinds look promising.

Two young men and one of riper years have been added to our ranks since early spring. All seem interested in giving freely of their best efforts. Two women who have been corresponding with a view to membership are expected to visit us soon.

Public meetings were opened July 4th; an excellent beginning has been made. The removal of the Canaan family leaves a lamentable space in our large meeting house. We miss them in the singing and in spiritual ministration.

We are receiving invititions from several leaders in the social movement for a company of Brethren and Sisters to attend meetings in Chicago to give suggestions and otherwise aid in the organization of a new co-operative society. It is but natural that those who have so long held together on the basis of radical communism should now be solicited for help in solving the difficult problems of our time. We know that we have some yet to solve for ourselves. Experience has taught us that the religious impulse alone, based on strong conviction will prompt to that self-denial which will insure success in any organization beyond a mere business compact. The present systems of industrial and social life have evidently reacht their day of doom. God speed all workers toward those conditions of justice which must ever be the foundation of "peace on earth good-will to men."

Catherine Allen.

Shakers, N. Y.

July, 1897.

On a neat little memento presented us by a friend to be used for removing the dust from the eye glasses was printed the motto,

"If you would see the world aright,
Be sure and keep your glasses bright."

It led us to reflect that in all the phases of life objects apparently partake of the condition of the medium through which they are seen. The mind inclined to be misanthropic, looking through the vision

of the pessimist sees life as it were moving backward toward universal collapse.

But to a mind which has a clear sight, viewing aught existing conditions knowing that out of the conflicts of opinion and clashing of interests that seem at present to absorb and turn to a sinister use human life; above it all there is the good angel of concord, more powerful and far-reaching in the results than all the rest. We do not accept the doctrine of a chance world, nor that of fatalism. The one leaving everything to go hap-hazard; the other accepting what ever is as final with no power to change for the better.

We would suggest the fact that the good Deacon in his controversy with the slave-holder believed that the Lord would be on the side of the one who was ready to help himself; at least the slave-holder thought so judging by his conduct when they had their last meeting.

The prospects at present indicate a heavy hay crop. Spring crops are late, the last corn planting on the 25th of June. When we compare conditions with the flooded districts of the west and the sufferings from the violent wind-storms that have devastated sections of our country we have reason to be thankful for our exemption from those destructive elements.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

July, 1897.

We are pleased to report visits from gospel kindred. For a short season we enjoyed the presence of the first order of Ministry of Mt. Lebanon, and whose ministrations we trust will add to the spirit of concord and fellowship so essential to make home a "sweet home," especially important to keep the torch of truth burning, so that others seeing its beams of goodness may safely follow its onward and upward wake, from all that defileth or maketh a lie.

A company of six Sisters from East Canterbury, have spent a few days with us, adding to our lives good cheer, for

soul communion and interchange of thought, giveth new inspirations, not only to abhor evil and cleave to the good, but inspireth new zeal to do greater good for others, practical righteousness the true spirit of Christianity.

What exalted thoughts flash upon the mind at the name of home. Well may the children of God sing, "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." When we think of the homes under the thraldom of the demon of licentiousness, stricken with soul-blighting diseases, tinctured with the curse of intemperance, fettered in the chains of tyranny, homes wherein the angel of purity never enters and the song of gladness never sounds, how our hearts ought to throb with sympathy for the unfortunate, and with gratitude for our own blessing.

Is not home life made harmonious and prosperous by the congregated efforts of her inmates to establish justice, morality and integrity of the highest order? and should not home be of such worth to us that we exert our abilities to get rid of all that is disagreeable and debasing? thus adorning home with virtues and joys of more value than the costliest gem we could possess, or the finest works of art we could hang upon the walls. True,

Home's not mere roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

George H. Baxter.

Shaker Station, Conn.

North Family.

July, 1897.

BELOVED EDITOR;—We contribute a few lines to THE MANIFESTO and thus add to Home interest we trust. We are enjoying one of the best of God's blessings—good health.

The Brethren are having great success on the farm. Not because of the great numbers toiling thereon, but because God is in the midst of those who serve Him faithfully, and whose interests and loves

are universal; no one claiming aught as mine or thine. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Showing we can not love and serve God unless we love and serve one another.

We have taken advantage of the pleasant Sabbaths, and held our morning religious services at the Church. In the afternoon they meet with us for Singing. We enjoy this interchange very much.

Our dear Father, Gilbert Avery is enthused with the vegetarian principle and says he is going to be a vegetarian the rest of his life. If he at the advanced age of eighty-nine years can change his diet, should those who are younger think it such a task?

The Brethren are drawing coal for winter use. The haying is already commenced. The cherries are almost all gathered. Through the liberality of our friends at the Church we have enjoyed quite a feast of strawberries; another year we hope to have some from our own garden. The peaches are fast ripening. The Sisters are painting and improving all that needs this attention round about home.

We hope Elder Andrew Barrett will continue to keep us informed through the Home Notes as to the progress they are making in Florida, as we are much interested that they prosper.

Love to all our gospel kindred.

Edith E. Shufelt.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.
June 24, 1897.

B. L. G——,

MY ETERNITY SISTER;—So short a time since you left us for your long-anticipated, happy visit to our dear friends at Enfield, yet we have missed you. How could it be otherwise! Faithful stewards you have been, and for this claim our love and blessing. This is another seal placed upon your loyalty to your friends, your Church and your God. We are all the while breathing prayers that the Father's Angel messengers attend you.

I am sitting at the type case and as I think of you and your dear companions, there rushes to my mind so many thoughts of days of happy interchange, now past, yet to be renewed in days to come, that I can set them in type as readily as I could write with the pen. I shall be glad to welcome you again to the dear old Printing Office where you and I have loved and lived and worked together until—Let us draw the curtain, and at the holy shrine whereon we have offered our vows of consecration as a sweet-smelling savor before the Lord let us ask angels to bless our past efforts to do the right and so chaste us, in the wisdom of the Divine Spirit, that we may become subjects of the Resurrection order wherein old things have passed away. May our friendship be after that pattern which makes us friends of God, and friends to each other whose love never waxeth cold.

Whisper comforting messages to each one, to the Mother Queen of your party, Sister Ellen Myers, crowned with her years of rich and ripened experience; give her the kindest wishes of her girl subjects at home. Love to your mates, and kind remembrance to the dear Sisters in the Office, to our absent Ministry, and finally to all. Lovingly,

Josephine E. Wilson.

WANTED—MEN!

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And d—— his treacherous flatteries without
winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn
creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice
sleeps.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

Sanitary.

POTATO PIE.

POTATO PIE may be made by lining pie tins with ordinary pie crust, and filling with mashed potatoes seasoned with a little fried onion and summer savory. Put on an upper crust, and bake from twenty to thirty minutes. Serve hot.—September *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Blood being made from the assimilation of food, it is, therefore, to food itself we must primarily look for the origin of these earthly deposits. Besides providing the requisite elements of nutrition, food contains calcareous salts, which, upon being deposited in the arteries, veins and capillaries become the approximate cause of ossification and old age."

"The action of distilled water as a beverage is briefly as follows: First, its absorption into the blood is rapid; second, it keeps soluble those salts already existing in the blood, thereby precluding their undue deposit; third, it facilitates in a marked degree their elimination by means of excretion. After middle life a daily use of distilled water is highly beneficial to those desirous of retarding old age, and it is also a useful adjunct for averting stone in the bladder and kidneys."

Distilled water, diluted phosphoric acid, glycerine and some of the aromatics constitute a most delicious drink—a very nectar. And this nectar, drank freely, tends to remove calcareous deposits, thus prolonging human life.—*Temple of Health*.

FOODS FOR THE AGED.

SOME foods contain too much calcareous substance for health; but fruits, nuts, fish, venison and wild game contain only a very trifle of these calcareous salts and earthly particles, and are, therefore, very healthy for the aged. Fruits and distilled water are specifics for ossific depositions.

A French physician observes "That man

begins in a gelatinous and ends in an osseous condition. . . . In the human body water forms 70 per cent. of its aggregate weight; in fact there is not a single tissue which does not contain water as a necessary ingredient. Now water holds certain salts in solution, which become more or less deposited, notwithstanding the large proportion eliminated through the secretions. Nevertheless it is only a matter of time before these minute particles deposited by the blood have a marked effect in causing the stiffness and aridity of advancing life. The reason why in early life the deposits of earthly salts are so infinitesimal is simply because they have not had time to accumulate. It is the old kitchen boiler which is found full of incrustations, not the new one, time not having been sufficient for their deposit. M. LeCann proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia and iron, averaging 2.1 in every 1,000 parts. This clearly demonstrates that in the blood itself are contained the earth salts, which gradually become deposited in the system."

A SABBATH PIECE.

By Cora C. Vinneo.

THIS is the Sabbath!
From my window looking west
The stately hills arise,
Splendid in all their wealth
Of emerald robes brodered with gold
and white,
Shadowed with mellow light,—
That light that falls through mist veils,
When the sun hides like a priest
Kneeling in silence at a holy shrine.

And souls sometimes
Must take a Sabbath rest,
Must gather strength to meet
The cares that come with mailed feet,
Clanking adown the chambers of the soul
O cares that come!
O mighty griefs that roll!
Go back and let us rest.

Ah! this is my Sabbath day,
My very own!
And in it I will meditate and dream
Of life and all its blessedness,
Of Prayer, the white-winged messenger
that steals
Noiselessly through our cloister's door
ajar
Bringing sweet tidings from the world
afar.
Of Faith, the divine preceptor
And Hope, the angel standing at her
right.
Of Love, that makes us think
And do more holy things than aught
beside.
Prayer is a power,
Faith and Hope are powers
But Love combines and comprehends
them all.
So in this Sabbath, holy and divinely
still,
There comes a bliss
Whose name I feel but can not tell.
And from the Sacred Place
I hear this message to my soul:
"Silence and wait
And all things will be well."
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapt street and square, mountain and
moor.
That was his deed,
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I can not tell. *

Blest "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Witholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow—
Soft, light and silent in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flowers and weed,
Drooping below.
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I can not say.

In words he did not put his trust;
His faith in words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he:
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he
Workt well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief.
This was his creed,
This his belief.—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Eldress Lois Wentworth at West Pittsfield, Mass. April 30, 1897. Age 73 years 3 mo. and 28 days.

Anna Dodson, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. June 25, 1897. Age 79 years, and 23 days.

J. Sullivan Wright at East Canterbury, N. H. June 28, 1897. Age 87 years 10 mo. and 5 days.

Br. Sullivan entered the Community in 1846. During this pilgrimage he has been a faithful Christian worker.

Eldress Lydia Annas, at Shakers, N. Y. July 10, 1897. Age 80 yrs. and 10 mo.

Books & Papers.

HUMANITY for June has the Question of the Hour, and gathers its inspiration from the Bible. The Christians who believe in preaching the gospel to the poor, may find in this a valuable lesson. The poet asks,—Is it so? Then we have—Charity against Justice. Metaphysical Jim tells a long story in a few words and he tells it without “sarpints and trees and woman, A foolishin’ with Satin.” The poetical story of the Tariff and of Cuba are fully illustrated and will be read with much interest. Other pages of the Journal abound with many good things. Publisht at Kansas City, Mo.

WORD AND WORKS for July has an interesting chapter on the Sun, Moon and Planets. Every reader can in this place study the heavens at his leisure, and learn of many wonderful things before he bids adieu to his home on the earth. A long chapter on the study of the stars abounds with information and illustrates the heavens so clearly that all of these wonders are brought right into our own homes.

Clinch nails No. 7, is a sermon of the first quality and worthy to be read in the pulpit or in the home of highest culture. Passing hurriedly over many interesting articles, Justice attracts our attention, for the article is true to its title. The Chat with Passengers, tells of the wonderful things that have been seen and heard and felt during the past month. Many gems of worth follow, but we will only stop at the Query Corner and witness a strange exhibition. The dear Doctor's heart must flutter at the sight even tho he is able to clear up the mystery of the many queries. Every paper remembers the children and their little letters that are publisht tell many a nice and wonderful story. Pub. by Word & Works Co. 2201 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

An important and very interesting historical paper is the leading article in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for July. It is entitled, Heroes of the Neutral Ground, and treats of the little-known history of the patriots who protected the homes and people of the Saw Mill Valley, N. Y., from the raids of the British during the Revolution. It is written in an attractive style by John P. Ritter, and is profusely illustrated. There is an article on Syracuse University, by Jennie M. Bingham, the ninth in the excellent series on American Universities and Colleges, and beautifully illustrated with views of the buildings, Greek Letter Society houses and portraits. The markets of the Mediterranean are picturesquely described by Margaret Seymour Hall. A paper on banana-growing, by A. James Miller, tells of the production of that delicious fruit in Central America. Colonel Nicholas Pike, the prominent naturalist, talks entertainingly about his adventures in hunting the crocodile and alligator. The Story of a Passport, by Cecil Burleigh, describes the trials and tribula-

tions of the career of such a document. In A Shelf of Birds' Nests, Elizabeth Nunnelmaker gives an interesting account of her observations among the homes of “our feathered friends.” There are a number of good short stories. The absorbing serial, The Catspaw, is continued, and the department for young people is as attractive as usual.—*Frank Leslie's Pub. House, New York.*

THE PULPIT for June has a large amount of good reading. The Mastery of Self, by Rev. Calvin S. Gerhard; Modern Missions, by Rev. J. L. Smith; The Church against Societies, by Rev. C. L. Scott; Fourth of July Address, by Hon. S. B. Elkins; Resurrection, by Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.; A Life Greater than Life Work, by Rev. C. C. Hall; Quiet Strength, by Rev. R. E. Knowles, B. A.

Publisht by G. Holzapfel. Cleona, Pa.

Among biographical articles of special interest soon to be printed in THE OUTLOOK will be a sketch of Joseph LeConte, the famous scientist of California, who has contributed more than any other American to our knowledge of evolution and one of General Lee, the great Confederate Commander, written by one who was a student under him at the Washington College, and telling for the first time many incidents and anecdotes of great interest about General Lee in his capacity as a college president. [\$3.00 a year. The Outlook Company, 12 Astor Place, New York.]

THE VITAL QUESTION, from The New Era Cooking School, Worcester, Mass.

The object of this booklet is to turn the search light of intelligence on the great unrecognized incapacity of the material, out of which, in this age, the structure of man is built, to the end that its incapacity may be recognized as a cause now hidden, but the terrible results of which are known.”

Pub. by The New Era Cooking School. Worcester, Mass. [Price 12 cents.]

In an historical article recalling the destruction of our National capital by the British forces in 1814, Clifford Howard in the July *Ladies' Home Journal* will show that Dolly Madison, the most beloved and popular woman of her day, was courageous and fearless in the face of grave danger. In the mad stampede from Washington, that preceded the invasion by the British troops, Dolly Madison was the last to seek safety in flight, and her final act before quitting the White House, as the enemy advanced, was to seize the Declaration of Independence and carry it to a place of safety. As the White House was immediately afterward looted and burned by the British, Mr. Howard declares that but for brave Dolly Madison the priceless parchment would have been destroyed.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH, for July has an article on Charles Scribner Sr., by Nelson Sizer; Two nice illustrations accompany this piece. The Genesis of Thought, by Prof. J. H. Shull; Phrenotypes and Side Views, by H. S. Drayton, M. D. Mary

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THE MANIFESTO.

L. D. Hall, President of Sorosis, by Jessie A. Fowler; Several portraits illustrate this article; Men of Note, by Dr. Lewis G. Jones, M. A. Illustrations of Bandaging, Anatomy and Physiology, by Capt. H. Evans; Physical Culture Exercises; Vaccination; Blood Purifiers; Children Frequenting and Promising, by Nelson Sizer, prettily illustrated, also many other articles of great value.

Published by the Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 2d St., New York.

JESUS OF NAZARETH AS A HIGHER CRITIC, by H. L. Hastings. This little book is No. 28 of the Anti-Institution Library. A few lines from the body of this book will speak for itself. "The man Christ Jesus was in a position to speak impartially concerning these matters. He was neither a Priest nor a Levite and did not subsist upon the tithes and sufferings of the people and had no pecuniary interests in the national religion. He was not a Scribe nor Lawyer, nor was he a theological professor, bound by his position, his vow, or his salary to study the law and defend and proclaim it however it might conflict with its authority. He was untrammeled by creeds, confessions, and sectarian bonds. He was neither a Pharisee, Sadducee, an Essene or a Hinduian. He was of royal lineage, but he laid no claim to authority on that account. He was a plain, working man, his hands ministered to his necessities. He was able and willing to earn his living, and could afford to tell the truth." Pub. at 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF HYDRO THERAPY for June has an Appeal to Publishers, and Dr. Gifford is right in his request.

The Medical law of the present ruling power, of the state of Ind. which happens to be that of the old school, may do some harm as well as some good. The Science of Life, has a chapter on The Treatment of the Sick, by T. V. Gifford, M. D.; Typhoid Fever, by Ella Young, M. D.; The Sensation of Hunger, by Susan E. Collier, M. D.; The Breath of Life, by Eliza C. Smith; The Anti-Vaccination War fare; The Laugh Cure; etc., etc.

Published by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

As you can not throw a ball against a wall, even in the darkest night without being hit by its rebound;—so you can not project the most secret hatred toward another without sooner or later receiving the rebound rudely against yourself; of the curse you sent from you. Your ignorance of this will not screen you one bit as to results.—Oliver C. Hampton.

THE thankful heart sends sweetest accents to the lips.—M. J. A.

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